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ZERO ZERO



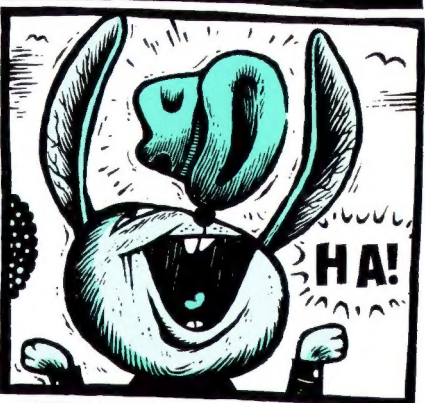
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97

NUMBER 18
JULY 1997



\$3.95 U.S.A.
\$5.50 CAN.

FUNNY BUNNY



zERO zERO

nUMBER eIGHTEEN,

July 1997

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zERO zERO #18, July 1997. zERO zERO (ISSN: 1080-5923) is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books. All art and stories are © 1997 their respective writers and artists: Archer Prewitt, M.L. Tague, J. Buckle, Mack White, Sam Henderson, Dave Cooper, J. R. Williams, Richard Sala, Walt Holcombe, Cover © 1997. Sam Henderson. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in zERO zERO and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of biographical and autobiographical material and for purposes of satire. Letters to zERO zERO become the property of the magazine and are assumed for publication in whole or in part, and may there fore be used for these purposes. First printing: May, 1997. Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA, 98115. PRINTED IN CANADA

STRANGE CULTS and what they believe



CULT of the DISCONCERTINGLY CLOSE SPACE HEATERS: doesn't believe in serrated knives, or disposable diapers with restrictive leg openings, rings vegetables (but only from the waist up), ill-suited for most water sports.



CULT of Olestra, Goddess of the Loose Stools: greets all Humankind as Equals (the artificial sweetener, that is), believes that there is a connection between male pattern baldness and the dances of bees, philosophically resigned to open container laws, dresses in dark rooms.



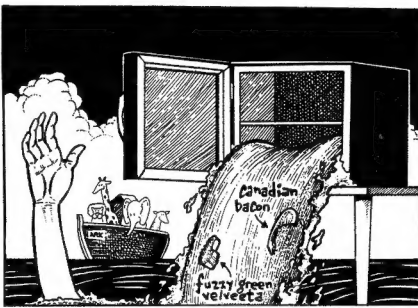
CULT of the UNBALANCED WASHERS (formerly those who CELEBRATE BLEACH): fatalistic, avoid yellow curls and miniature-bred show horses. Slow to accept the possibility that women could theoretically have facial hair, believes that a button without a perforation is neither well-ventilated nor a button.



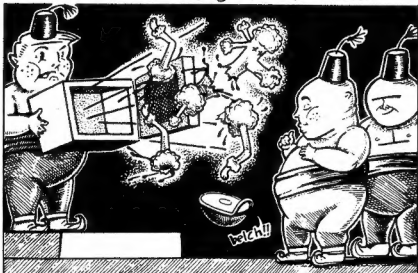
CULT of the ENDLESSLY FASCINATING POLICE SCANNERS: fashions Bible beards from the lining of chairs, handles unclean things like snakes and carbon paper from sales slips. Sedentary by inclination.



CULT of the DEFROSTED STUDENT REFRIGERATORS: believes that we are living in the Antediluvian Age (pre-Flood), also believes that the Flood will come at the end of the school year when students defrost their rented refrigerators for return of units to rental proprietor, commemorative stamp series predicted to follow catastrophe.



CULT of the EXPLODING MICROWAVE POODLES: believes that the Universe is made of finite matter, much of which has rolled under very heavy furniture and is hard to reach, also believes that when God created the World, He forgot to burp the lid.



Young Jeffrey Dahmer by derf

"YOU WENT TO SCHOOL WITH DAHMER, THE SERIAL KILLER? WHAT WAS HE LIKE?? HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I BEEN ASKED THAT QUESTION?"

THMAAAA

WELL... THIS IS WHAT HE WAS LIKE...

NOTE: NOW OF COURSE ALL NAMES AND FACES HAVE BEEN CHANGED BEYOND ALL RECOGNITION... SAVE DAHMER AND YOURS TRULY.

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I FIRST MET DAHMER IN SEVENTH GRADE, WHEN THE WRETCHED CONTENTS OF THE DISTRICT'S THREE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS WERE HURLED TOGETHER INTO THE HORMONAL HELL THAT IS JUNIOR HIGH.

IT'S THROUGH HERE, JEFF.

HE WAS A NOBODY... ONE OF THOSE PAINFULLY SHY KIDS WHO BECOME SOCIAL INVALIDS WHEN THE FIRST BLAST OF ADOLESCENCE HITS. I DON'T RECALL THAT HE SPOKE AT ALL AT EASTVIEW JUNIOR HIGH. BUT... WHEN HE GOT TO HIGH SCHOOL...

THERE REALLY FISH IN HERE?

SUNFISH. TOO SMALL TO EAT. I JUST TOSS THEM BACK...

...HE CHANGED...

BAAAAA!!



IN TENTH GRADE HE BEGAN MIMICKING THE SLURRED SPEECH AND SPASTIC MOVEMENTS OF HIS MOTHER'S INTERIOR DECORATOR, WHO HAD CEREBRAL PALSY. IT SOUNDS SICK NOW, BUT WE FOUND THIS SCHTICK HILARIOUS.



ME AND A FEW FRIENDS ENCOURAGED HIM TO ACT UP... AND HE **ATE UP** THE ATTENTION. IT WAS THE **FIRST TIME** HE WAS EVER NOTICED IN ANY WAY. WE EVEN FORMED A **DAHMER FAN CLUB**. I WAS (GULP!) THE PRESIDENT...



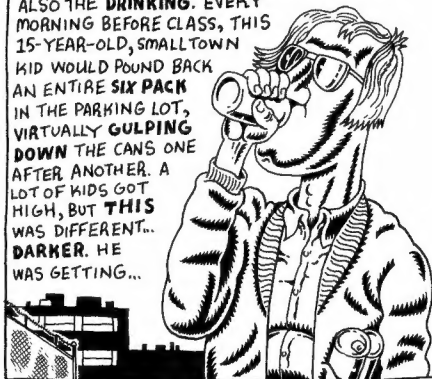
I'M AH DECOWATOR!!!

BAAAA!



*I'M A DECORATOR.

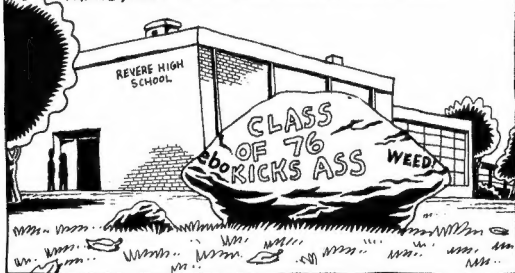
I SUPPOSE THIS BEHAVIOR **COULD** BE SHRUGGED OFF AS TYPICAL TEENAGE STUFF, BUT THERE WAS ALSO THE **DRINKING**. EVERY MORNING BEFORE CLASS, THIS 15-YEAR-OLD, SMALLTOWN KID WOULD POUND BACK AN ENTIRE **SIX PACK** IN THE PARKING LOT, VIRTUALLY **GULPING DOWN** THE CANS ONE AFTER ANOTHER. A LOT OF KIDS GOT HIGH, BUT **THIS** WAS DIFFERENT... **DARKER**. HE WAS GETTING...



...NUMB.



REVERE HIGH SCHOOL WAS COMPRISED OF KIDS FROM TWO SMALL OHIO TOWNS, RICHFIELD AND BATH. RICHFIELD WAS MAYBERRY... THE QUINTESSENTIAL SMALL TOWN... BUT BATH HAD EVOLVED, IN THE 20 YEARS SINCE THE FOUNDING OF THE JOINT SCHOOL, INTO A POSH, BEDROOM COMMUNITY OF DOCTORS, LAWYERS AND EXECUTIVES. BATH KIDS GREW UP IN A WORLD OF MANICURED LAWN, HORSE SHOWS AND DEBUTANTE BALLS...



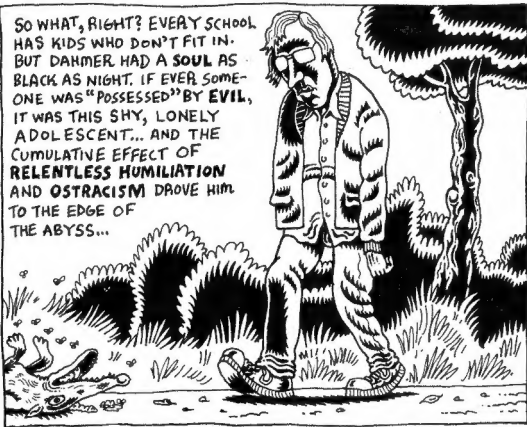
STEPHEN KING COULDN'T HAVE PUT DAHMER IN A STRANGER SETTING...



AS A KID, DAHMER WAS A CONSTANT VICTIM OF TORTURE. A SCRAWNY GEEK WITH BLACK HORN RIMS AND A SLIGHT LISP, HE WAS EASY PREY FOR THE PLAYGROUND PREDATORS. IN JUNIOR HIGH, IT ONLY GOT WORSE...



SO WHAT, RIGHT? EVERY SCHOOL HAS KIDS WHO DON'T FIT IN. BUT DAHMER HAD A SOUL AS BLACK AS NIGHT. IF EVER SOMEONE WAS "POSSESSED" BY EVIL, IT WAS THIS SHY, LONELY ADOLESCENT... AND THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT OF RELENTLESS HUMILIATION AND OSTRACISM DROVE HIM TO THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS...

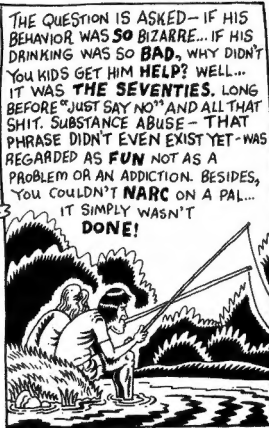
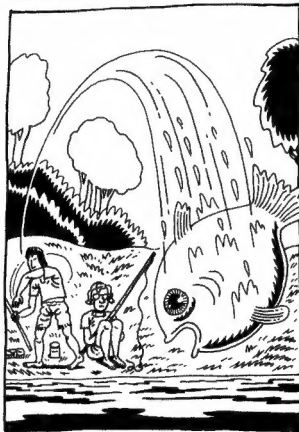


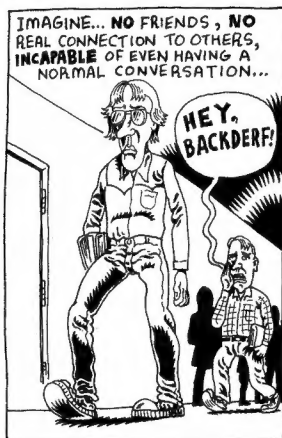
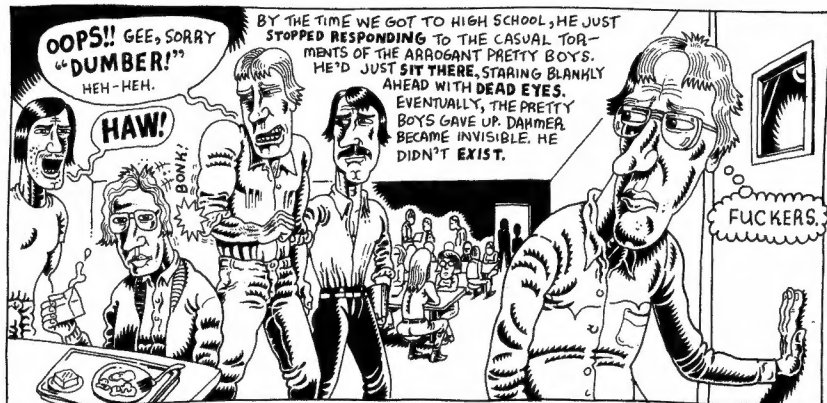
THAT'S WHEN HE BEGAN HIS PECULIAR "HOBBY" OF COLLECTING ROAD KILL. HE FOUND WHILE WALKING THE QUIET COUNTRY ROADS. HE TOOK THEM HOME, DISSECTED THEM AND DISSOLVED THEM...

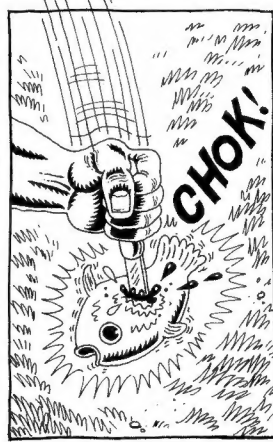
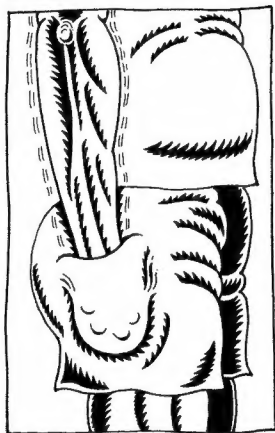
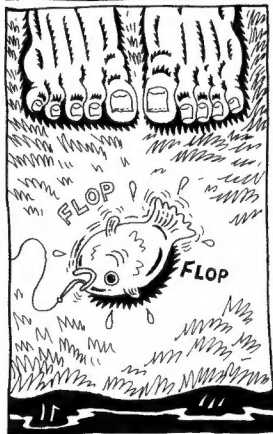
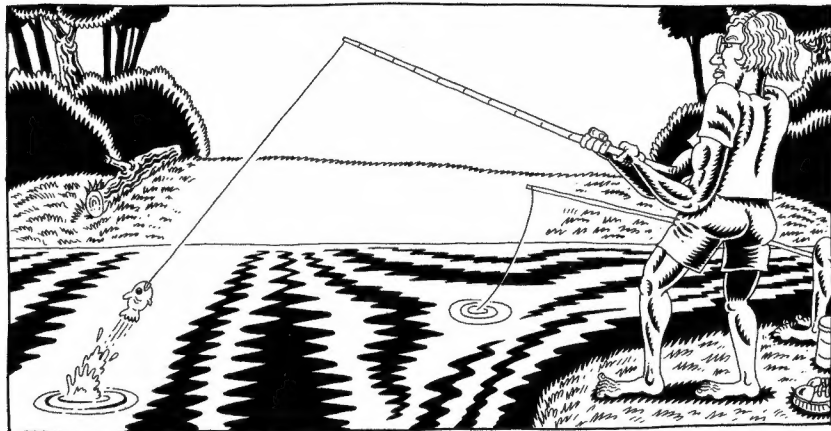


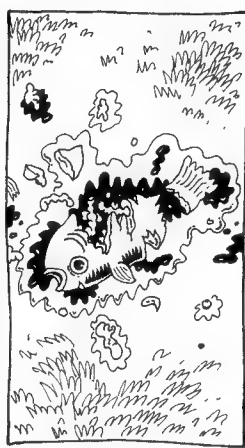
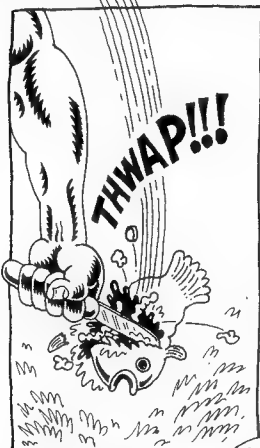
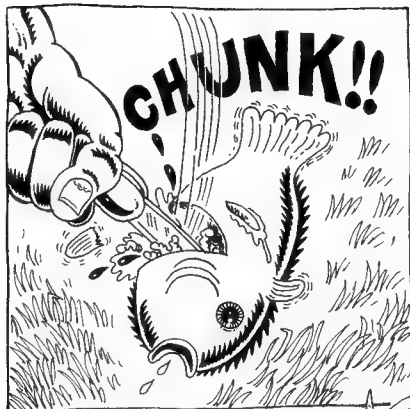
MEANWHILE AT SCHOOL, HE LURCHED THROUGH THE HALLS IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, DRIVING OFF THE FEW LOWER CASTE FRIENDS HE HAD...













HOMUNCULVS: EN- SLAVED AGAIN

BY
MACK WHITE

SO WE HAD BECOME SLAVES AGAIN, THE EUNUCH AND I. NO SOONER DID WE TASTE FREEDOM THAN WE DISCOVERED IT HAD BEEN AN ILLUSION. THE STORM HAD NOT FREED US AFTER ALL. CORYMBUS, THE PIRATE CHIEFTAIN, HAD NOT DROWNED WITH THE REST, BUT HAD WASHED ASHORE ON THE SAME BEACH AS WE. OUR DISAPPOINTMENT WAS GREAT. THE PIRATE, OF COURSE, WAS JUBILANT...

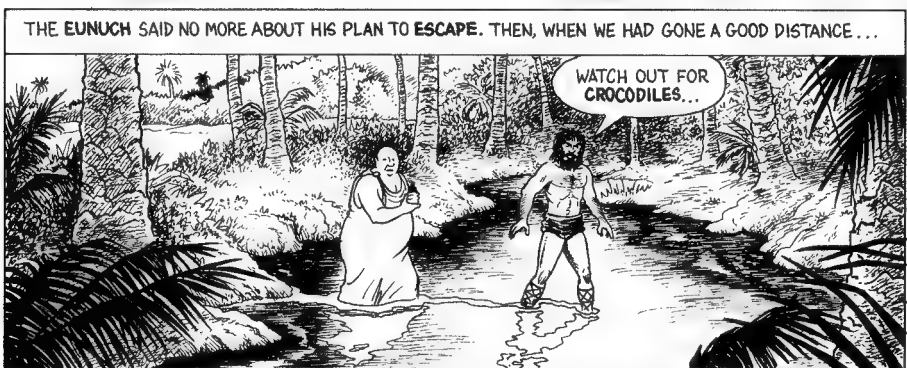
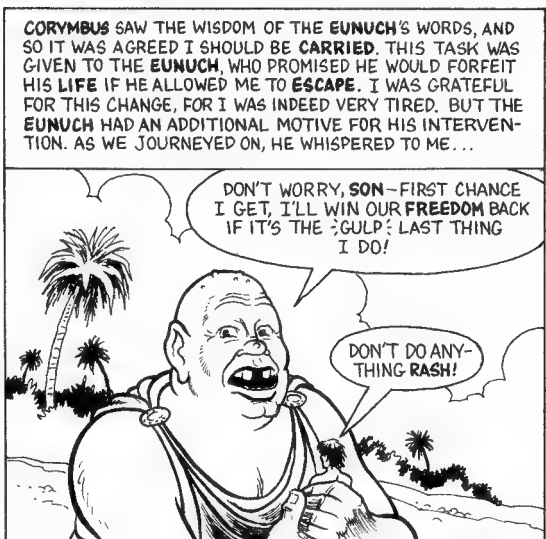


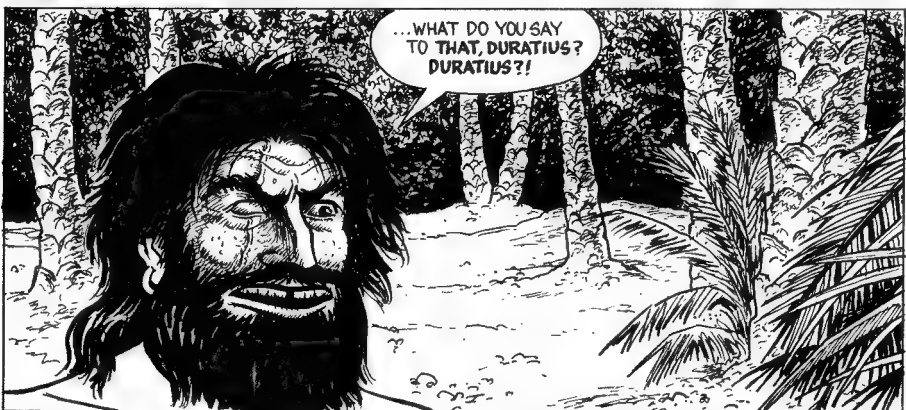
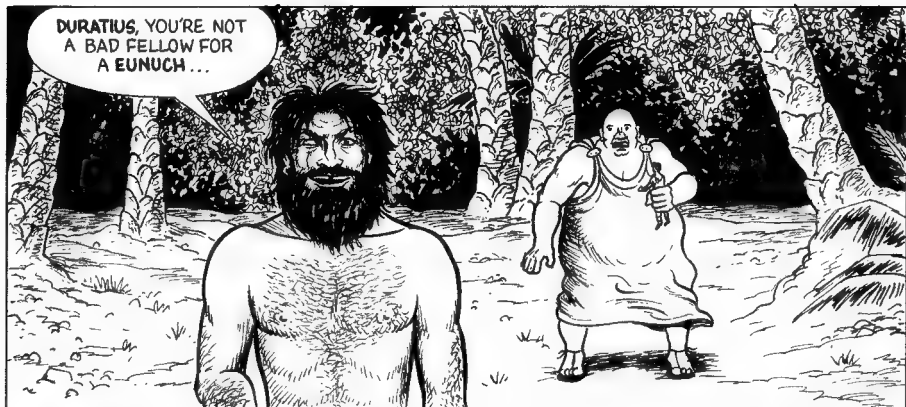
CORYMBUS ORDERED THE EUNUCH TO TAKE OFF HIS SANDALS AND FASHION A LEASH FROM THE STRAPS. WITH THIS I WAS TIED BY THE NECK AND LED ON A JOURNEY DOWN THE COASTLINE. THE ENTIRE TIME CORYMBUS SPECULATED ALOUD ON MY FATE...

WE WERE, BY CORYMBUS' RECKONING, SOMEWHERE IN EGYPT. AFTER A HARD DAY OF WALKING, THIS PROVED CORRECT...

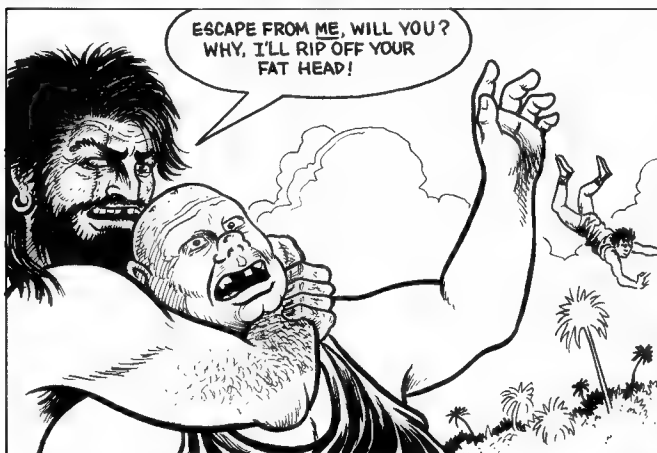
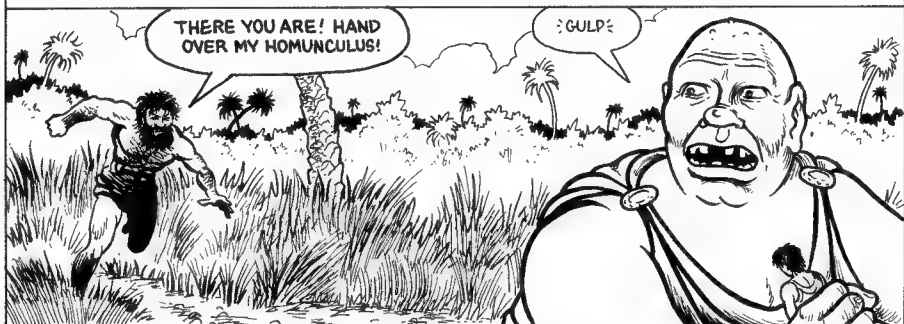
...OR PERHAPS SOME WEALTHY MERCHANT WILL BUY HIM—SOME COLLECTOR OF UNUSUAL PETS. OR PERHAPS A BROTHEL...







SO THAT WAS THE EUNUCH'S "PLAN"—TO WAIT TILL CORYMBUS' BACK WAS TURNED, THEN MAKE A RUN FOR IT. ALL THE PIRATE HAD TO DO WAS FOLLOW HIS FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND TO FIND US. IT WAS, OF COURSE, USELESS FOR THE EUNUCH TO TRY OUTFRUNNING HIM...



LUCKILY I WAS UNHURT, AND SCRAMBLED UP A NEARBY PALM TREE...



NO, CORYMBUS-NO!!
AIEEEEEEE!!!-



I WATCHED IN HORROR AS CORYMBUS THREW THE
EUNUCH TO THE CROCODILES ...



IT WAS A HIDEOUS FATE, WHICH THE POOR EUNUCH DID NOT DESERVE. HE WAS A SIMPLE FELLOW,
BUT ALWAYS KIND AND PROTECTIVE TOWARDS ME. I FELT BAD FOR HIM, AND WANTED TO SEE
CORYMBUS PAY FOR WHAT HE HAD DONE. UNABLE TO BEAR THE SIGHT OF MY FRIEND BEING
EATEN, I CLOSED MY EYES-AND SAW NO MORE OF POOR DURATIUS, THE EUNUCH ...



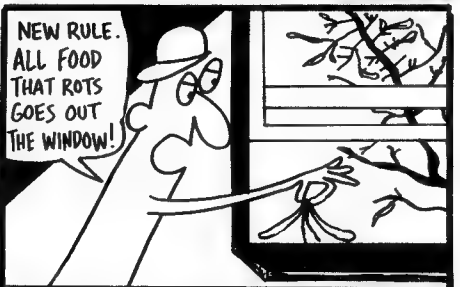
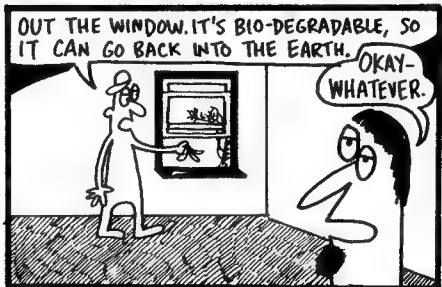
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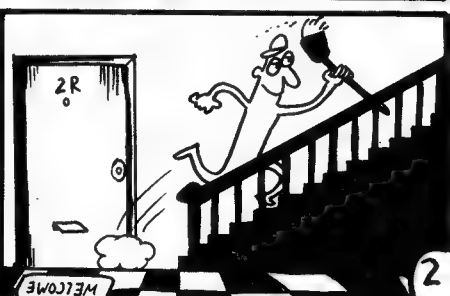
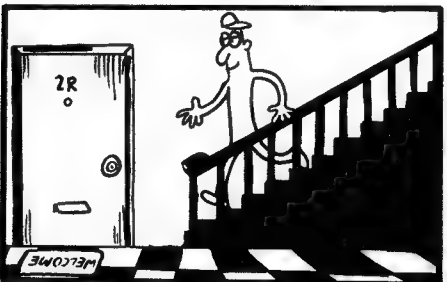
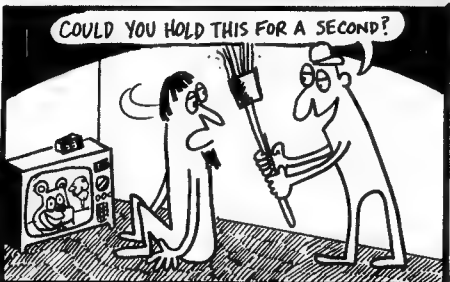
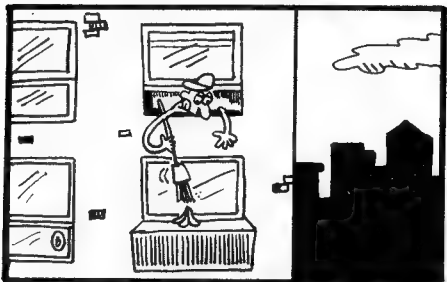


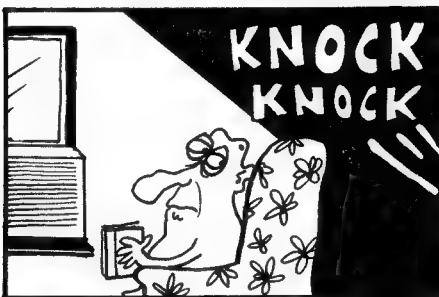
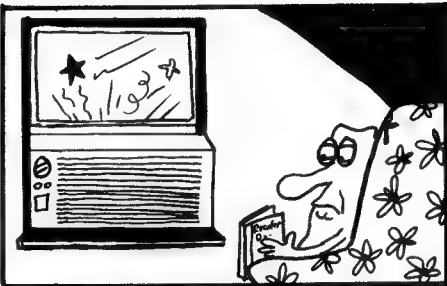
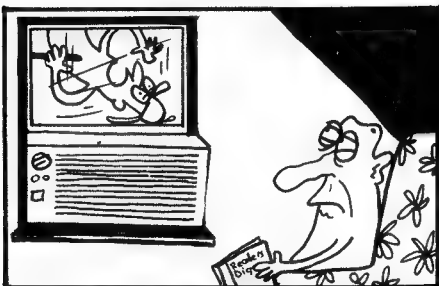
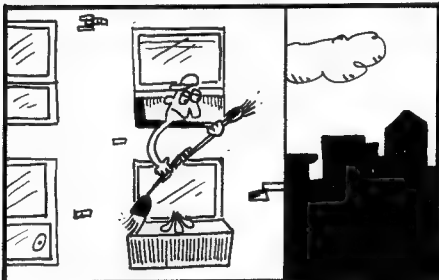


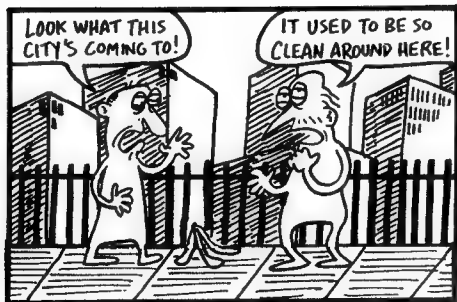
A LAME STORY THAT'S GOT A PEEL

@henderson97





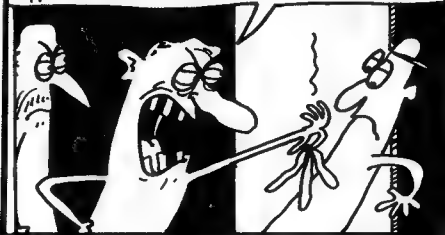




YOU THINK YOU CAN COME IN HERE AND MESS EVERYTHING UP? YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH MURDER? NOT ON MY TURF!



YOU TAKE THIS BANANA PEEL AND KEEP IT 'TILL GARBAGE DAY! WE'LL BE WATCHING YOU!



YOU AFRAID OF THOSE OLD PEOPLE? I'LL TAKE IT OUT! FUCK THEM!



WE SAID WE'D BE WATCHING YOU!



OH MY GOD! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I JUST THOUGHT OF A PLAN!

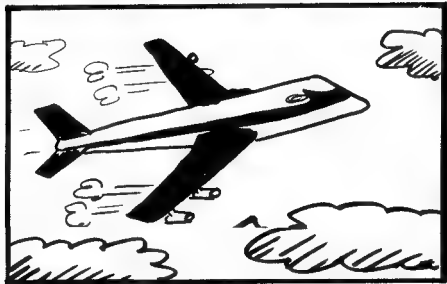
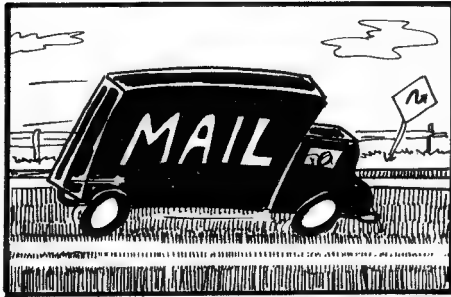


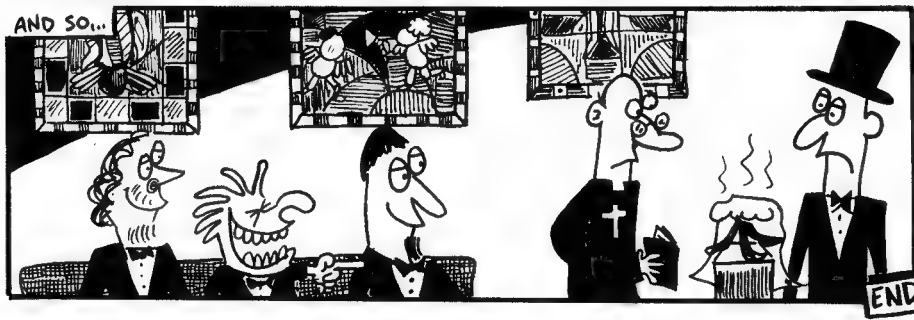
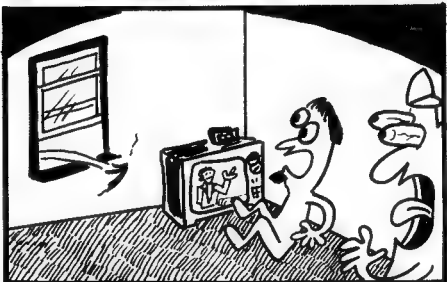
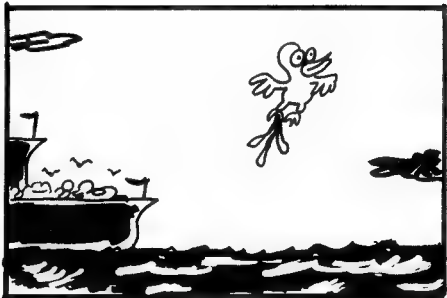
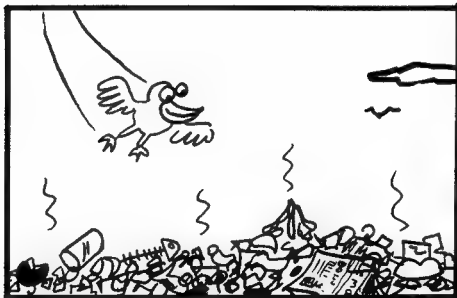
DON'T MIND ME! JUST MAILING A LETTER! THAT'S ALL! SEE YA!

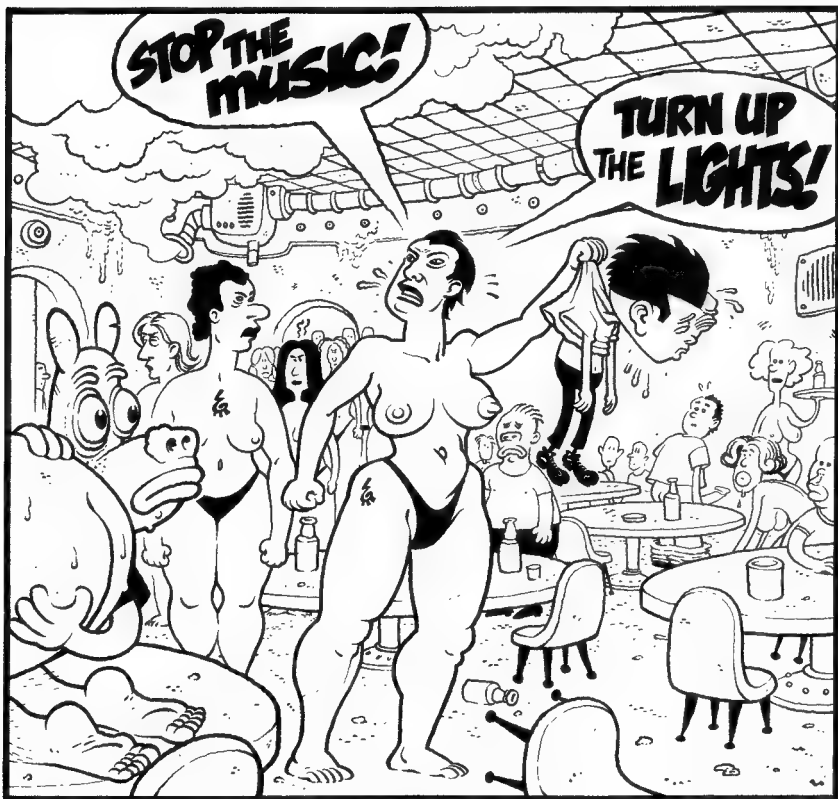


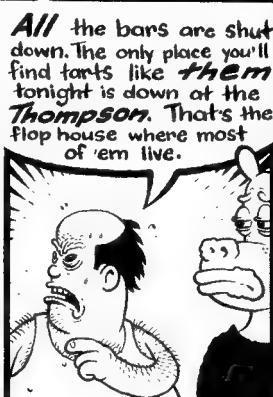
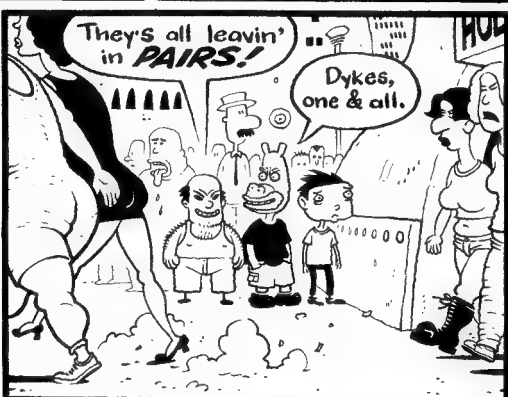
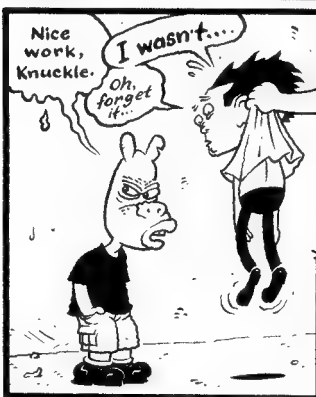
IF I SEE THIS PEEL AGAIN, I'LL MARRY IT!

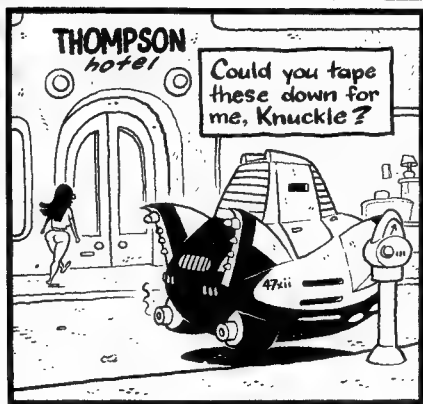
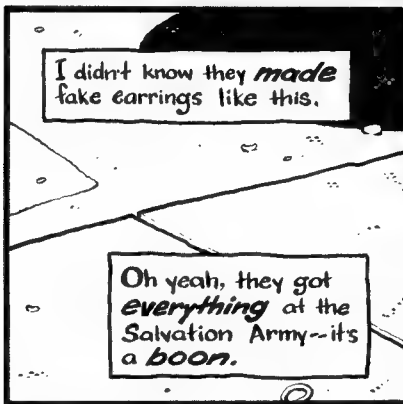
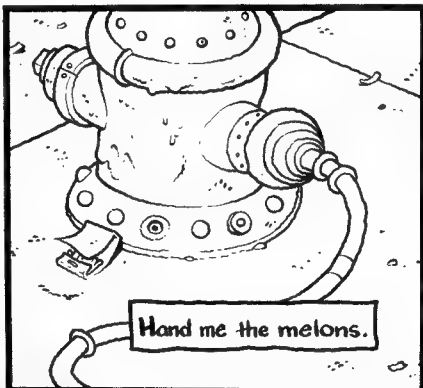
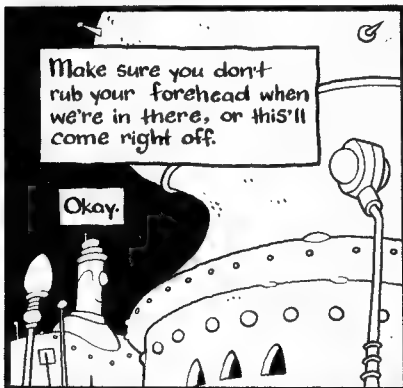
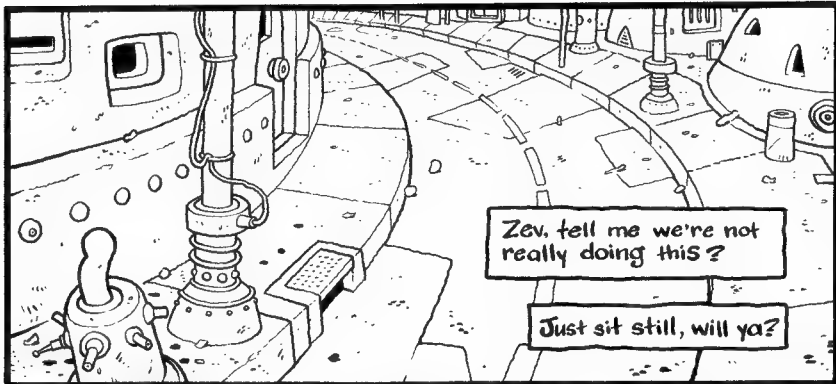






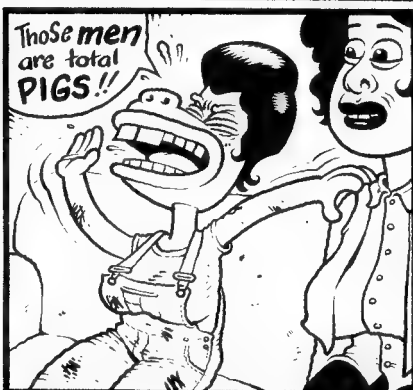










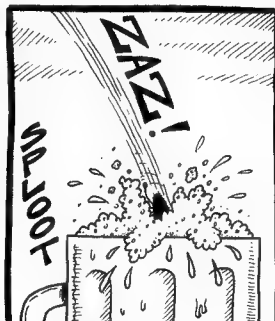
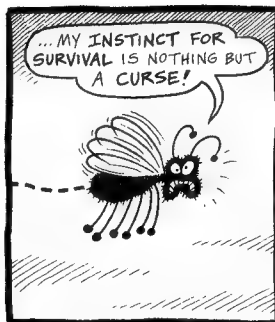
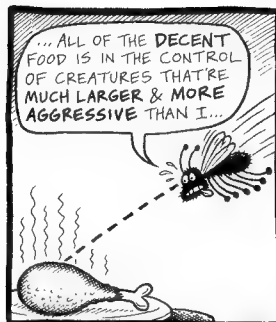
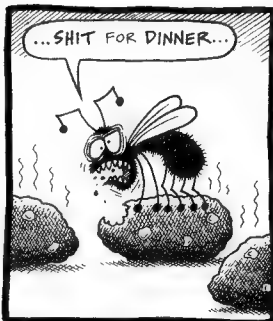
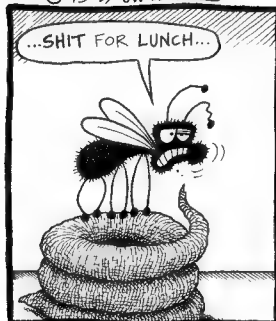
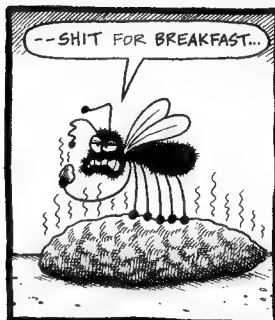
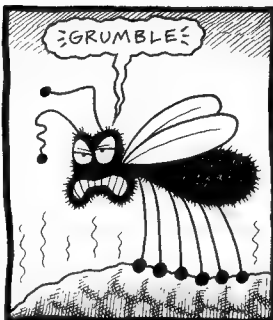


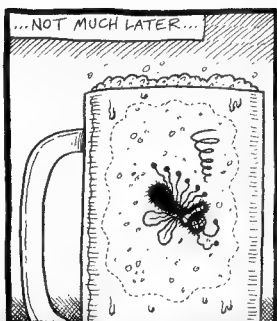
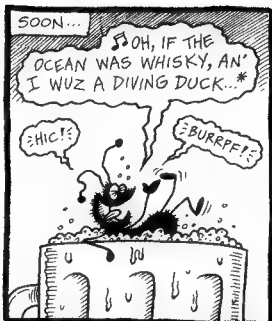


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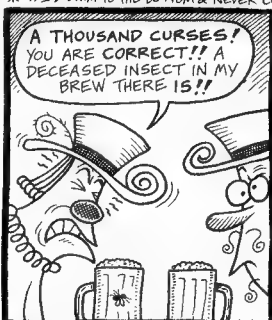


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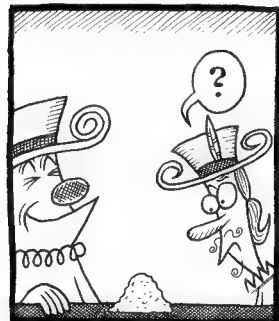
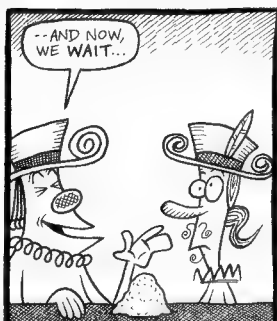
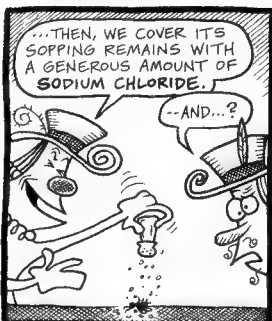




* ..I'D SWIM TO THE BOTTOM & NEVER COME UP!.. etc.



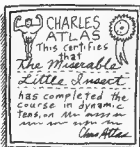
*1 e., "GET OUT OF TOWN!" - RW





LATER.

--NO MORE SHIT-EATING FOR ME!! FROM NOW ON, I'M THE AGGRESSOR! I TAKE WHAT I WANT!!



AHA! AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE--??



ZOOZ!

WHY, IT APPEARS THAT I'VE FOUND A DELICIOUS STRAY MEATBALL!

--SOME ABSENT MINDED ITALIAN LET IT DROP, UNWITTINGLY, FROM HIS PLATE OF SPAGHETTI, NO DOUBT! ;Smicker!;



--LET THE FEAST BEGIN!!



CHOMP GORGE

HEY!! GET AWAY FROM THAT! IT'S MINE!!



OH, YEAH?? AND WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT, PAL?

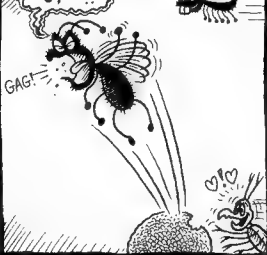


WELL, GOD-DAMMIT--I DON'T KNOW--!! BUT I WORKED ALL FUCKING DAY IN THE HOT SUN TO MAKE THAT NICE DUNG BALL...

--SNAP!

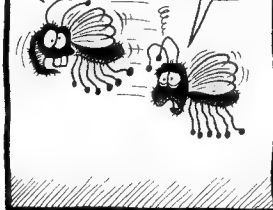


I GIVE UP--!!

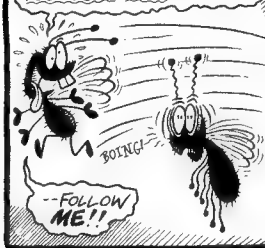


HEY, C'MON, MAN--CHEER UP! THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN, & YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

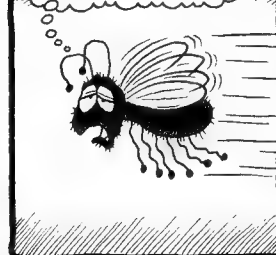
--WHAT?



--EVERYONE EATS ELEPHANT SHIT TONIGHT!!



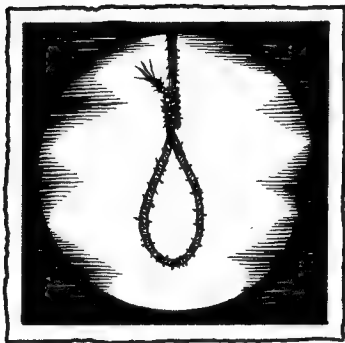
SIGH: --I SADLY SURRENDER TO MY INEVITABLE FATE.



--WAS EVER THERE A ONE WHO SUFFERS AS MUCH AS I?



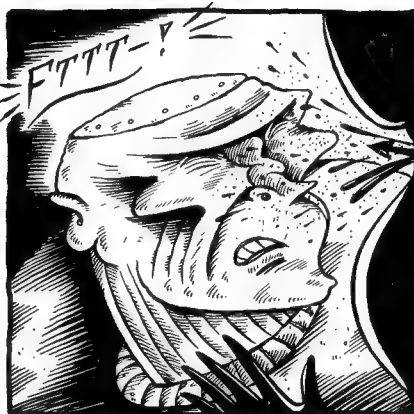
END.



the Chuckling Whatsit









Hee hee hee! She shouldn't have hid it! She should have given it to me! Naughty Phoebe! Hee hee ~ Naughty, naughty, naughty!

≡gulp≡

I ~ I ~ have to go ~

Wait! Young man, from the moment you spoke my name, I knew why you were here. But you didn't know, did you?

You've been going round and round ~ haven't you? Round and round? You didn't know you were going somewhere, but you were! Like a paper boat in a whirlpool ~ round and round! ~ And now you've arrived at the center ~!

I am that center. Look!

Ugh! You ~ you haven't got a face!

Hee hee hee! Emile did it!
When my youth began to fade
he took the skin from my face
and made this doll ~ so she'd
be beautiful forever! Hee hee!



She is beautiful, isn't she?
Hee hee!



Uh ~ I ~ I've
got to go ~!
Sorry! Bye!

God!
Gotta
get out
of here!

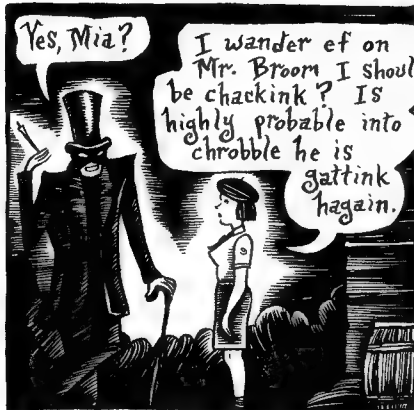
Finis? Kaput? ~ Yes, my dear ~
it's official: G.A.S.H. is now
disbanded ~ permanently!

Er ~ Sir?



Yes, Mia?

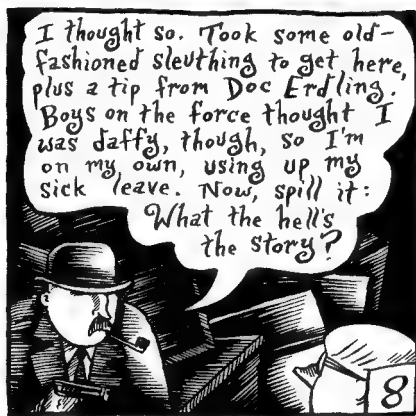
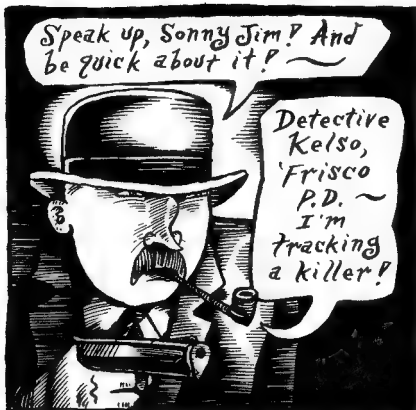
I wonder ef on
Mr. Broom I should
be chackink? Is
highly probable into
chrobbles he is
gattink
hagain.



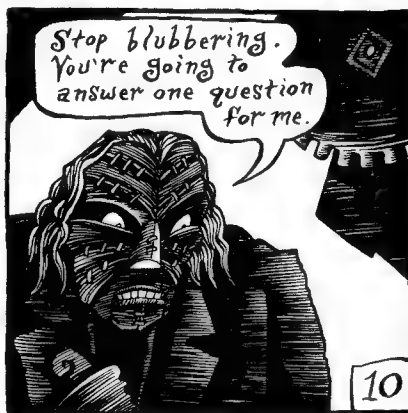
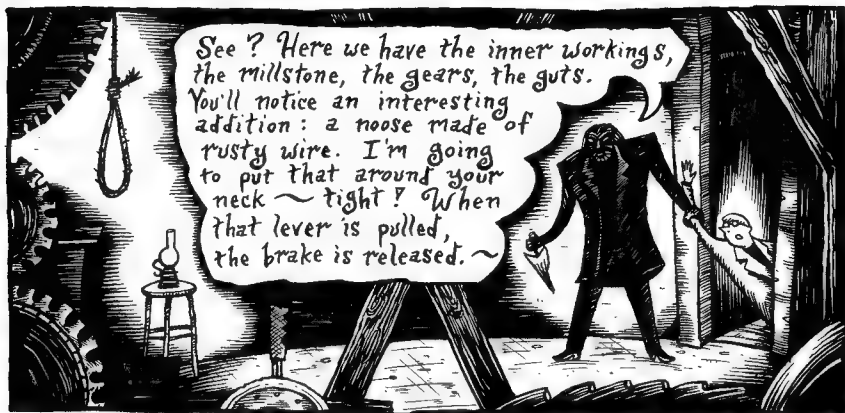
Hmm. ~ That is
entirely up to
you, my dear.











Vogardus, why are you doing this?

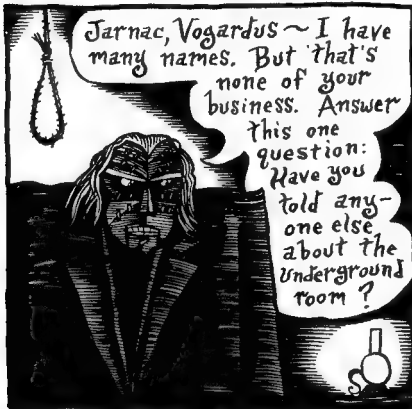
"Vogardus"? There
is no Vogardus!!
He doesn't exist!



God! You're crazy, Doc!
Was it finding Celeste that
pushed you over the edge?
Was that what Root
discovered? That you
were just as much of a
maniac as Jarnac?



Jarnac, Vogardus ~ I have
many names. But that's
none of your
business. Answer
this one
question:
Have you
told any-
one else
about the
underground
room?



Oh ~ you mean the room
that isn't there, Doc?

I am
not
Vogardus!



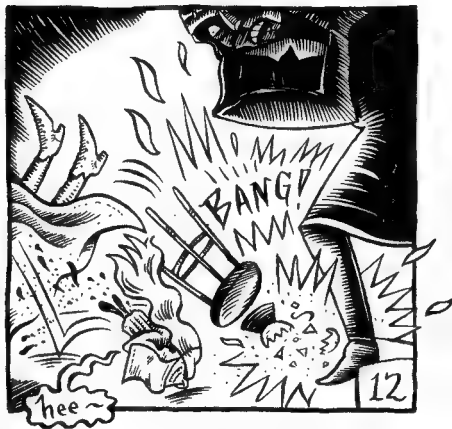
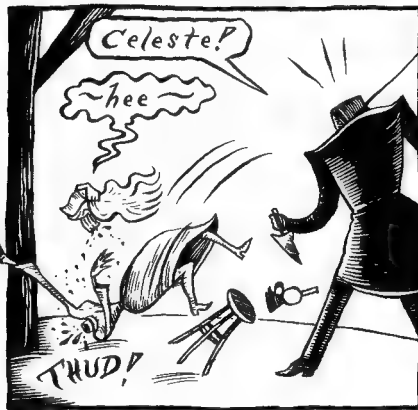
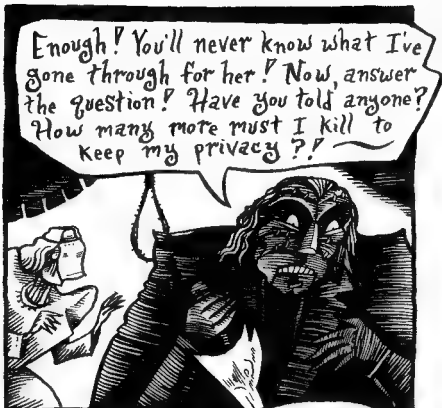
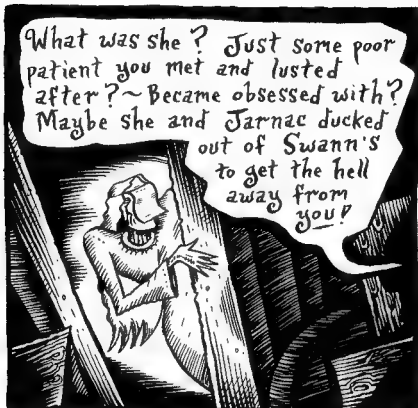
He's dead. He died the minute
his quest ended. That quest was
to find the woman he loved. ~

He found her. ~
And when he found
her ~ and saw the
state she was in,
a ~ a ~ white
light flooded
his brain,
obliterating
him, ~ and
he died.



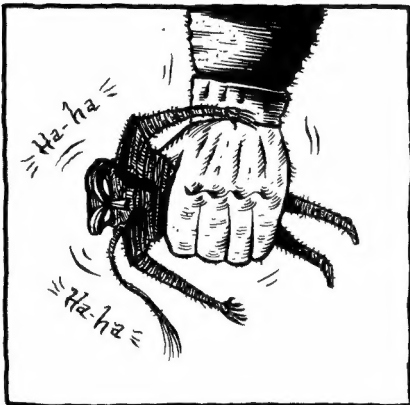
You weren't even married
to her, were you? You
lied when you told me that.











THE zERO zERO BOOKSHELF

zERO zERO BACK ISSUES

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New issue just released! Disgusting stories featuring the pantie-sniffing Doofus, bizarre Wally-Wood-on-acid art. Don't miss! \$2.95 (#1), \$3.50 (#2)

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ZERO ZERO #1 (March/April 1995): Big debut issue, featuring the first ZZ installment of Ted Stearn's "Fuzz and Pluck," "The Man With the Big Head" by David Holzman, the debut of Frank Stack's "New Adventures of Jesus," plus Pat Moriarty and Charles Bukowski, Max Andersson, Glenn Head, Henriette Valium, J.R. Williams, Kim Deitch, Michael Dougan, the first Collier strip (there's one in all issues through #13), and a cover by Gary Panter! \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #2 (May/June 1995): Every issue from here on in features "The Chuckling Whatsit" by Richard Sala. Also, Mack White's "Homunculus" premieres, "Car-Boy" by Max Andersson, new "Trashman" story by Spain, David Mazzucchelli, Mats!?, and more. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #3 (July 1995): ZZ debuts from Skip Williamson and Rick Altermatt, Max Andersson's "Lolita," plus Mark Newgarden, "Fuzz and Pluck," and a cover by Henriette Valium. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #4 (August 1995): "Meat Box" by Kaz and Georarakis premieres, plus Carol Tyler, Max Andersson, Mark Beyer, Jeff Johnson, a Ted Stearn "dream" story, and Al Columbia's notorious 2-color strip "I Was Killing When Killing Wasn't Cool." \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #5 (Sept./Oct. 1995): Joe Coleman cover! Chris Ware frontpiece! Justin Green back cover! Plus Kim Deitch, Max Andersson Car-Boy story "Curse of the Cuddly Critter Factory," "Meat Box," and Homunculus." \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #6 (Nov./Dec. 1995): Kim Deitch premieres "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare" Plus "Fuzz and Pluck," Skip Williamson, Penny Van Horn, Glenn Head, and a "Sign of the Apocalypse" by Rick Altermatt. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #7 (Jan./Feb. 1996): "Molly O'Dare" continues! 18-page "Best World" cover story by Bill Griffith! Plus Max Andersson, Gilbert Hernandez, Archer Prewitt, and more. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #8 (March/April 1996): Extra-long anniversary issue, with 2-color "Sol'Boy story by Archer Prewitt," Al Columbia, the end of "Molly O'Dare," Henriette Valium, "Homunculus" and "Fuzz and Pluck," and a cover by Charles Burns. \$5.95

ZERO ZERO #9 (May/June 1996): Snappy Sammy Smoot returns in a new story and cover by Skip Williamson! Sam Henderson and Stephane Blanquet lose their ZZ cherries, the first story by Susan Catherine and Oscar Zarate, and a Valium back cover. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #10 (July 1996): Ultra-groovy Drew Friedman cover! Eight Henriette Valium strips! A "Monroe" story by Sam Henderson! Plus Max Andersson, Aleksandar Zograf, Jeff Johnson, more! \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #11 (August 1996): Dave Cooper's "Suckle" (which will run from #11 to #16 and #18 to #20) premieres! Plus Ted Stearn, Kaz, David Mazzucchelli, Max Andersson, and Roy Tompkins. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #12 (Sept./Oct. 1996): Max Andersson's 15-page "Death," his biggest story since *Pixy*! P. Revers and Joakim Pirinen make their ZZ debuts, plus Michael Dougan and a back cover by Dan Clowes. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #13 (Nov./Dec. 1996): Extra-long "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter, plus Sam Henderson, Skip Williamson, "Homunculus," Idiotland by Doug Allen, and Jim Blanchard! \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #14 (Jan./Feb. 1997): Stephane Blanquet cover, plus two, count 'em two, "Silent Stories"! Also, Mike Diana, Terry LaBan, and a Kim Deitch back cover. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #15 (March 1997): Joe Sacco heads for Bosnia with 15-page "Christmas With Karadzic," first major story since *Palestine*! Plus Revers, Valium, Henderson, Columbia, and the serials. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #16 (April/May 1997): Big'd Brute of an anniversary issue, with a full-color "Jimmy Corrigan" story by Chris Ware, striking 2-color stories by Al Columbia ("Blood Clot Boy") and Henriette Valium ("The Man in the Sewer"), a new chapter of "MeatBox," plus Joakim Pirinen, Penny van Horn, Skip Williamson, P. Revers, Aleksandar Zograf, Kyrstine Kyrstine, and a cover by Kaz. \$5.95

ZERO ZERO #17 (June 1997): Michael Dougan's terrifying "Double Booked!" Penultimate "Chuckling Whatsit," new "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter, and more! \$3.95

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